

# THE BRISTOL NEWS

I. C. FOWLER,  
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 3, 1882.

## THE DEAD SUMMER.

We miss the sunny hours,  
We miss the grasses o'er  
With gentle feet,  
That dim as autumn skies,  
Her blue and loving eyes.

They whisper that no more  
She trods the grasses o'er  
With gentle feet,  
That dim as autumn skies,  
Her blue and loving eyes.  
I cannot see her dead  
There in her silent bed!  
I will not stay  
Haunted by visions told,  
Of dimpled fingers cold,  
I will not stay.

To kiss the lips of her,  
She would not blush or stir  
At touch of mine.  
But lay upon her breast,  
For me, this rose to rest,  
And there repose.

Weep for the goddess dead,  
And weep for beauty fled,  
Oh, sighing rain,  
She would not wake to hear  
The call from far and near,  
Oh, come again.

—From the National Republican

**Liver, Kidney and Bright's Disease.**  
A medicine that destroys the germ or cause of Bright's Disease, Kidney and Liver Complaints, and has power to root them out of the system, is above all price. Such a medicine is **Hop Bitters**, and positive proof of this can be found by one trial, or by asking your neighbors, who have been cured by it.

## Captain Asbury's Yarn.

A Story Told by a Western Journalist.  
From the Dubuque Herald.

Seated near us was a lady and her daughter about twenty years old. She, too, was listening to Captain Asbury's yarns. They were about his adventures on the river, his trials and tribulations, his joys and sorrows. "About eighteen years ago," he said, "when I was running between St. Louis and Keokuk, there came on the boat one of the handsomest young women I had ever seen in all my life. She had a little girl with her more handsome than she was. The lady came up to me, for she was a lady, and asked me to take her to Keokuk, as she desired to go to Burlington to her friends, and that she had not a cent in the world with which to pay her fare. Her pleading eyes were too much for me, and I bade the clerk consign her to a stateroom as it was in the middle of the night. The boat was delayed by a heavy fog, and we were compelled to lay at the bank until long after daylight.

"The lady approached and thanked me ever so much, and told me that she was the wife of a Confederate captain who had been shot and killed by a party of scouts or guerrillas, her home had been robbed and burnt, and she, with her child, succeeded in fleeing from the scene of carnage, and was the next day brought to Hannibal by a kind farmer. In whose house she had sought protection. (This, the old lady's story and her wrongs and sufferings made my heart still softer. I knew it did, and I put my hand into my pocket and gave her a twenty-dollar greenback, for I thought she needed it. Well, I haven't seen or heard of her since; but I hope she is happy, and that little girl of hers a handsome and grown-up woman."

The lady who was listening to the captain's little story arose from her chair, and taking the hand of her daughter, approached the captain, saying: "Yes, we are both happy, and I will have you judge about the good looks of the grown-up daughter, for here she is." Captain Asbury stood up, struck as dumb as the fellow who caused the maiden to hurl herself from yonder rock, for we were near that noted landmark. He peered into the lady's face, plainly discernible by the reflection of the electric light, in utter astonishment. The captain recognized the lady, and even the now grown-up young lady, and expressed himself pleased to see them again. After mutual greetings and introduction to us girls, the lady, Mrs. Russell, who now resides in New York, went into the cabin, and soon returned upon the "roof," with a piece of paper in her hand, which she handed to the captain. It was a check for \$200, which she desired to return to him for his little assistance years ago. Captain Asbury refused the proffered check, and no persuasion could induce him to accept it. Of course, Mrs. and Miss Russell were admitted to our circle, and the trip up river was made more joyous than ever, as she proved to be a very intelligent, worthy lady, and worthy, and her daughter to be as lovely in disposition as she was beautiful in face and form.

## GET THE ORIGINAL.

Dr. Pierce's "Pellagra" the original "Little Pills" (sugar-coated) cure sick and bilious headache, sour stomach, and bilious attacks, by drugging.

## Deceptions of Wrangel Land.

Wrangel Land has been visited by the crew of the steamer, *Berkshire*. One of the crew, Francis Smith, on the return of the whaler to San Francisco, described the island. He says that he saw on nearing the shore the signal planted by Lieutenant Reynolds, of the *Cornwin*, in 1881, a small American ensign fastened to a slender piece of driftwood. The island rises abruptly from the sea, though not precipitously. There is no beach to speak of, the land having an average elevation of ten feet above the surface of the water. It is surrounded by deep water; and from soundings that the party made, an average depth of ten to twelve fathoms, at a distance of ten feet from the shore, was discovered. The soil was scanty, and seemed to be formed almost entirely of what seemed to be large, black pebbles of a sandy nature. Between these grew a green and thin-bladed grass, resembling very much the wood-rice grass of the Eastern States. The island was a flat table-land. As the sailors went toward the center they came upon numerous ponds and marshes of blackish water. The only vegetation seen was a small, pinkish, colorless flower, with four petals, and rock moss. Piles of drift-wood were discovered everywhere. It was apparent that some seasons the island is entirely covered with ice. This, it is surmised, was the reason that De Long left no token of the *Jeannette* on the island.

## Don't Waste Money.

On trashy extracts when you can buy a lasting perfume so delightfully fragrant and refreshing as **Florescent Cologne**.

"I won't tell you my vote now," said old Simeon to the man who had come to "see" him. "Why not?" "For three reasons: First, I kin see half a dollar diggin' taters in the time it would take me to go an' vote. Second, it would cost \$1 for team to go to the pollin' place. Third, you only offer me \$2.50 to stay away an' vote at all, when I kin bring up the gunnash' rascals on that side for \$4.50."

## Georgia Hospitality.

As I got beyond Rossville, in riding out to the battle-field of Chickamauga, it began to rain, and the way the thunder roared and the lightning flashed, and the flood-gates opened, was appalling. A farmer just over the Georgia line beckoned me in out of the wet, and there I stuck, from one o'clock up to dark. It was a stormy storm, without a break for a minute, and as there were no signs of its clearing up before midnight, the man said I'd better stay all night. It looked that way to me, too; but it was a log-house with only one room, and only two beds for the twelve of us. There were six children, some half-grown, the farmer and his wife, and old woman, a son-in-law, a young woman and myself. It looked as if some of us would have to stand up to sleep, and long about nine o'clock I began to get nervous. Perhaps the man noticed it, for soon after that hour he said:

"Stranger, we'll step out and look at the weather."

We went to the barn, and after a look at the horse, returned and found all the women in one bed, and the light out. "Shake off, and jump into 'tother bed," chattered the man. I followed directions, and I was no sooner in than he followed. Then came the young man, then the old one, and the three boys lay across our feet—the upper one resting across my knees. It was impossible to move or turn; but in ten minutes all were snoring away as if that was their usual way of going to bed. I heard the old clock strike eleven, twelve, one and two, and was finally dozing off when some one opened the door, walked in, and began to undress. The noise he made aroused the farmer, who carefully called out:

"Who's that?"  
"Who's me?"  
"Jim Baker?"  
"Oh, Jim, ch? Want to stay all night?"  
"I reckon."  
"Well, strip off and pile in between the first two on the front—there's only four of us lying here yet."

Jim piled in without another word being said, and was soon asleep, and, as I was sliding silently out to finish the night on the floor, the farmer sleepily queried:

"Is that you, Tom? Pull off yer boots, and slip in here—lots of room left yet!"

Young men or middle-aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weakness, should send three stamps for Part VII of **World's Dispensary Medical Association**, Buffalo, N. Y.

## What Can Wealth Do?

The following story is told of Jacob Ridgeway, wealthy citizen of Philadelphia, who died many years ago leaving a fortune of five or six million dollars: "Mr. Ridgeway," said a young man with whom the millionaire was conversing, "you are more to be envied than any gentleman I know."

"Why so?" responded Mr. Ridgeway. "I am not aware of any cause for which I should be particularly envied."

"What, sir?" exclaimed the young man in astonishment. "Why you are a millionaire. I think the thousands of your income brings you every month."

"Well, what of that?" replied Mr. Ridgeway. "All I get out of it is my victuals and clothes, and I can't eat more than one man's allowance nor wear more than a suit at a time. Pray, can't you do as much?"  
"Ah, but," said the youth, "think of the hundreds of fine houses you own, and the rentals they bring you."

"What better am I off for that?" replied the rich man. "I can only live in one house at a time; as for the money I receive for rents, why, I can't eat it or wear it; I can only only use it to buy for others to live in; they are the beneficiaries, not I."

But you can buy splendid furniture, and costly pictures, and fine horses and carriages—in fact, anything you desire."

"And after I have bought them," replied Mr. Ridgeway, "what then?"

"I can only look at the furniture and pictures, and the poorest man, who is not bilious or sick, can ride no easier in a fire carriage than you can in an omnibus for five cents, without the trouble of attending to drivers, footmen and hostlers; and as to anything I desire, I can tell you, young man, that the less we desire in this world, the happier we shall be. All my wealth can't buy a single day more of life—power to keep off the hour of death, and then, what will avail, when, in a few short years at most, I lie down in the grave and leave it all forever? Young man, you have no reason to envy me."

## Fear Not.

All kinds of urinary complaints, especially Bright's Disease, Diabetes and Liver troubles. Hop Bitters will surely and lastingly cure. Cases exactly like your own have been cured in your own neighborhood, and you can find reliable proof at home of what Hop Bitters has and can do.

## In the Yellowstone.

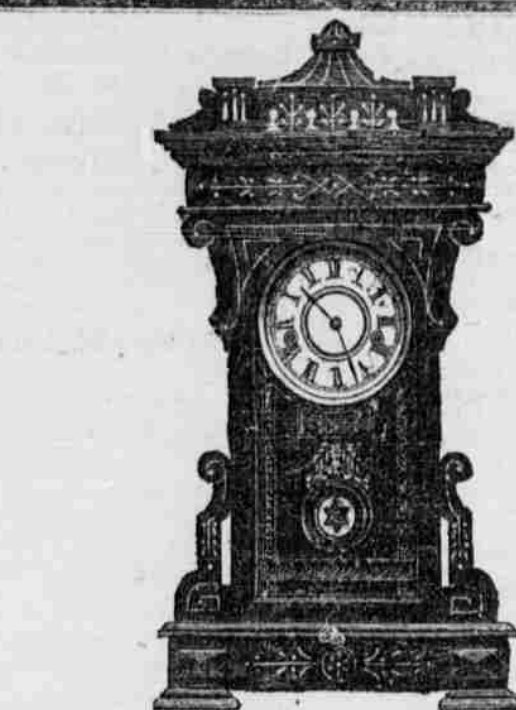
A member of a party in Yellowstone Park fell down the crater of a geyser while trying to secure a beautiful specimen on mineral formation. His companions shrieked as they saw him fall. They lowered a light into the crater as far as they could. Nothing could be seen. By dropping pebbles they discovered that at a depth of about fifty feet the crater was filled with water. They gave him up as lost, and with sad hearts left the scene. The next noon he came into camp with another party of gentlemen, alive and well. He fell into the water, but came again to the surface, and hung to a rock. He heard his friends' voices, but could not make them hear him. He stayed there until 5 o'clock in the afternoon, when he heard a sound like distant thunder. Suddenly the water was rising, and continued to rise more rapidly. At last he found himself at the point from which he had fallen. Although exhausted he exerted his remaining strength in climbing to the surface. This reached, he managed to crawl some distance away from the mouth of the crater, where he lost consciousness. When he recovered he was being cared for by strangers—the men who conducted him to his comrades. The water was warm, but a few moments before he left it began to be hot and to boil furiously.

## Found at Last.

An agreeable dressing for the hair, that will stop the falling, has been long sought for. Parker's Hair Balm, distinguished for its purity, fully supplies this want.

It never rains but it pours. A Newport visitor, after a long struggle, managed to get a footstool in society, and all of a sudden found that she had been invited to nine dinner parties, all on the same evening. Utterly unable to decide which to accept, she sat down and had a good cry over it, and that made her eyes and nose so red that she was ashamed to go to any.

View, strength and health all found in one bottle of **Strohn's Iron Bitters**.



## PICKEN'S INFORMATION for the PEOPLE.

A PICKEN BEGS TO ANNOUNCE THAT HIS RECONSTRUCTED AND ENLARGED PREMISES ARE NOW COMPLETED.

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SAVING MY CUSTOMERS THEREBY ALL

## MIDDLE PROFITS,

I EXTEND A CORDIAL INVITATION TO ALL MY FRIENDS TO DROP IN AND SEE ME. IT COSTS NOTHING.

Open Your Eyes if not Your Pocket-Books.

I am fully Prepared to do a Rousing Business, and any favors will be duly appreciated.

## A. PICKEN'S

MODEL JEWELRY STORE.

Bristol, Tenn. Abingdon, Va.

## A Historical Gorge.

Among the Capon mountains of Hampshire county, West Virginia, is a gorge called Hanging Rock, which possesses more than ordinary historical and romantic interest. A narrow road runs along the side of a brawling stream, and above it on either hand the wooded cliffs rise to a height of several hundred feet. A band of Catawba Indians, who were encamped in the gap in 1731 were set upon by a party of hostile Delawares and totally exterminated. A few years later some prowling Frenchmen and Indians found an ambush on Ensign Daniel Morgan, "the hero of Stillwater and the Cowpens," who was passing through the gap bearing dispatches to Winchester. Two soldiers who were with him fell from their horses dead, while Morgan, with the blood streaming from a terrible wound, eluded his pursuers about the neck with both arms, and was borne safely back to a neighboring fort, where he was lifted from the saddle by a comrade. In 1864 the gorge was the scene of a fierce cavalry fight between some roving troops from the Federal and Confederate armies. Recently surveyors have located the route of the Baltimore, Cincinnati & Western railroad directly through the pass.

## Green.

No other color is so significant, so capable of tender, helpful, growing expression. It is in the subdued art shades universally becoming; and it fraternizes with more colors than any other except that of their fixed and eternal neutrality. Who does not remember what were called the "grass" greens and "apple" greens of a few years ago. They were the greens of paper flags on St. Patrick's day! Put these greens by the greens of grass and leaves, even at their brightest, and one will be astonished at the quiet depth, the delicacy and subdued character of the natural tints. The immense difference between what we call nature and what is nature.

## Care of the Eyes.

Continual reading is apt to injure the sight. Such reading as confines the eyes without interruption to the page is more injurious to the eyes than such as requires occasional pauses in order to keep up with the scope of thought. Reading is harder on the eyes than history or philosophy. A broad page taxes the eyes more than a narrow page, unless it is divided into two or three columns. Writing is easier for the eyes than copying, as in the latter work one must read as well as write, and compare the copy with the original. Reading on the copy, or when in motion, is injurious to the eyes, as they are strained in trying to overcome the shifting of the page. Reading in an uncertain, changing, or flickering light is trying to the eyes, and should be avoided.

## Whence Comes the Unbounded Popularity of

## Allcock's Porous Plasters?

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Applied to the small of the back they are infallible in Back-Ache Nervous Debility, and all Kidney troubles; to the pit of the stomach they are a sure cure for Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.

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Tin, Sheet-Iron and Copper Worker.

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